

## PHALLAS MEETS MAJOLICA.

## UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

**A TROTTING MATCH THAT DREW A GREAT THRONE TO MORRISIANA.****The Western Trotter Appears in Great Condition After His Battle with Maxey Cobb.****Majolica Fails to Crown His Opponent.****The trotting match between Mr. J. I. Case's brown stallion Phallas and Mr. Nathan Straus' bay gelding Majolica drew about three thousand visitors to the grounds of the New York Driving Club in Morrisania yesterday. Many came by wagon, and some by train from long distances. Not since the famous tret between Jay-Lye-Soo and St. Julian has such an assembly of horsemen been seen within the gates. Silver-haired Frank Work looked down at the trotters from the bluff, which was studded by owners of noted road horses. The veterans—Simon, Hoagland, McIlroy, Bay, and Edmund, and handsome Matthew Riley watched the race as the duly appointed judges, Municipal-looking Mr. Case, owner of Jay-Lye-Soo and Phallas, walked calmly through the crowd of horsemen on the club house porch and steps, occasionally descending to the track to confer with Edward Bithor, who always drives his famous trotter. Bithor wore a bright new purple-striped jacket and cap. He stood on the edge of the steps looking at John Murphy when he brought Majolica out for a warming before the start. Murphy sported a new green silk cap and unrolled the lines as of old. He had prepared every muscle of Majolica's little heavy and stiff behind up-unlimbered for the race.****The match was \$2,000 a side, mile heats, best of three.****Phallas had an edge in private betting at \$100 against \$90 just before the start, odds of \$100 to \$80 went being.****He was expected to win, the turf expected to see him.****The change had been flowing freely, and the dinner had hardly begun when speeches, stories, and songs were in order. Col. Brown of The News had made an amusing speech, and Dr. Talcott, the author of the Custer story, won.****Capt. William's brother began to sing:****"Some love to the sea; the dark sea foam,****Where the wild wind whistles free;****And a life in the woods for me."****Suddenly the words froze in his throat, and he leaped to his feet. A party of horsemen had come to the scene of the race. 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